



Joseph S. Murdock

ay Saints
t Mormon
870 would
an exten-
character-
The great
nd, Wales,
ery largely
s speak of
s crossing
tle partic-
irrigation
peratively.
ncountered
ive effort.
n Wasatch
rch organ-
blems that

urned from
This often
monly, one
ps, Presid-
siding offi-
They were
nd took of-
n they had
counselors
ed by the

charge of a
population
t had more



John H. Hatch



Joseph S. Murdock

brought. Before the main group of Indians returned a runner came back from Chief Tabby and was immediately taken into the Indian agent's house without seeing the Mormons. Colonel Head, the Indian agent, had come out with the expedition and admonished the Indians not to take the cattle as a present from Brigham Young. He even tried to buy them for the Government to present to the Indians, but Wall flatly rejected the offer, saying, "No sir, you can't buy them, for they are Mormon cattle, and if the Indians eat them they will eat Mormon beef."¹¹

The day before the Indians arrived the owner of the agency store came to the blockhouse where the Mormons were staying to tell them that the Indians were planning to kill them. Joseph S. MacDonald, a lieutenant in the cavalry troop, describes the Mormon's hurried preparations:

The man who kept the store came over and said, "They intend killing everyone of you. I cannot see you killed for nothing. I think they will attack tomorrow night. Now, I have ammunition of all kinds, and as soon as it gets dark so the agent can't see you, send your men over and pack it into this house. All I ask is that you return that which you don't shoot. I have a two inch auger. Set your men to making port holes for yourselves. I have a forty gallon barrel. Fill it full of water for yourselves and pack in wood for use. I have a big rope. Sink some posts in front of the house, bore holes right through it, and put the rope through the holes and tie your horses to it so they (the Indians) can't run them off." We worked all night. Next morning, after breakfast, we felt pretty good. The old agent came over and looked around and finally said, "Gentlemen, do you know whose house this is?" I said, "Uncle's, I guess." He never answered and walked on looking at the port holes we had made until he came to one. When he looked through it he swore and said, "That is straight for my door!" The man that owned the port hole tapped him on the shoulder

William Wall
and his five wives,
Nancy, Erma,
Elizabeth, Suzie,
and Sarah



¹¹William Lindsay, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

brought. Before the main group of Indians returned a runner came back from Chief Tabby and was immediately taken into the Indian agent's house without seeing the Mormons. Colonel Head, the Indian agent, had come out with the expedition and admonished the Indians not to take the cattle as a present from Brigham Young. He even tried to buy them for the Government to present to the Indians, but Wall flatly rejected the offer, saying, "No sir, you can't buy them, for they are Mormon cattle, and if the Indians eat them they will eat Mormon beef."¹¹

The day before the Indians arrived the owner of the agency store came to the blockhouse where the Mormons were staying to tell them that the Indians were planning to kill them. Joseph S. MacDonald, a lieutenant in the cavalry troop, describes the Mormon's hurried preparations:

The man who kept the store came over and said, "They intend killing everyone of you. I cannot see you killed for nothing. I think they will attack tomorrow night. Now, I have ammunition of all kinds, and as soon as it gets dark so the agent can't see you, send your men over and pack it into this house. All I ask is that you return that which you don't shoot. I have a two inch auger. Set your men to making port holes for yourselves. I have a forty gallon barrel. Fill it full of water for yourselves and pack in wood for use. I have a big rope. Sink some posts in front of the house, bore holes right through it, and put the rope through the holes and tie your horses to it so they (the Indians) can't run them off." We worked all night. Next morning, after breakfast, we felt pretty good. The old agent came over and looked around and finally said, "Gentlemen, do you know whose house this is?" I said, "Uncle's, I guess." He never answered and walked on looking at the port holes we had made until he came to one. When he looked through it he swore and said, "That is straight for my door!" The man that owned the port hole tapped him on the shoulder

¹¹William Lindsay, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

William Wall
and his five wives,
Nancy, Erma,
Elizabeth, Suzie,
and Sarah



ey, the
pon as
0 acres
one of
after
deeded
it sev-

INDIAN
Val-
ularly
e ma-
reely
ome-
1865

HOT POTS—

Cones of
extinct
geysers dot
the region
near Heber
City—are
used as swim
resorts.



when the U. S. government was so engrossed with the Civil War as to be unable to send military aid. Although most of the fighting occurred in the Provo area, the burden of holding in check the nearby Uintah Indians under Chief Tabiona fell entirely upon the Wasatch County militia.

Chief Blackhawk, in planning his uprising, had counted heavily upon the Uintahs to carry death and destruction to the upper valley settlements. When the settler's militant defense limited the Uintah activities to a series of raids and peace was concluded with Chief Tabiona, the backbone of the Blackhawk War was broken. Constant military preparedness, however, was maintained by the Heber militia until the final defeat of Blackhawk in 1868.

Reviewing those stormy years, Heberites are still acutely aware of the debt they owe to Capt. William Wall, pioneer leader and soldier, whose name is carried on by numerous descendants and the settlement of Wallsburg below Charleston. To Capt. Wall, more than to any other man, can be attributed the vigilant organization of the valley's defenses, the bloodless war and the psychological victory over Chief Tabiona. His wisdom, courage and leadership during those grim years have become legendary; a legend that history confirms glowingly.

ALONG WITH CAPT. WALL, another militia captain, Joseph S. Murdock, stalks out of the past to take a justly deserved curtain call. But it was in the political field rather than the military where Joseph Murdock made his outstanding contribution to the destiny of Heber Valley and Wasatch County. It was his lot to represent his county in the state legislature at a time when the adjoining counties of Summit and Utah were casting covetous eyes upon newly discovered mining fields just across the Wasatch County lines and seeking to annex these areas to their own. Powerful interests were behind the "grab" and Joseph Murdock fought them almost alone.

When the hour of voting ar-

rived, he knew his cause was lost but he stood in the legislative chamber and hurled his defiance in a few quietly spoken words.

"Wasatch County," he said, "takes what comfort it may in the fact that it, like the Savior, has been crucified between two thieves."

A sentence as epochal as Bryan's 'Cross of Gold'! It took the listeners by storm and crystallized a new sense of fairness and justice in the lawmakers. Wasatch County's lines remained unchanged.

PLEASING AS ARE the visitor's impressions of the Heber Valley and its mountain habitat, there is much more to the area than first meets the eye. Close by at Midway are the famous swimming resorts of the Hot Pots. Here is a fading relic of a Yellowstone Park geyser region of earlier ages. The ancient limestone cones and an extensive area underlain with thick deposits of "pot-rock" remain as fascinating evidences of tremendous aquathermal activities.

Improved roads take the motorist quickly into lovely mountain canyons and to heights of inspiring panoramic vistas. The drive from Heber City past the Deer Creek Reservoir down Provo Canyon leads one intimately through the magic mountain Timpanogos, tumbling streams, natural parks and the nation's most southerly glacier. The Alpine Scenic Loop continues on down American Fork Canyon in fascinating descents that make it a worthy contemporary of Europe's more publicized Alpine highways.

The canyon streams teem with trout and for those Isaac Waltons who delight in trolling for the big ones, the Deer Creek Reservoir is growing in popularity. In the surrounding mountains are world famous mines and extensive areas of still undeveloped mineral riches. The production of lumber and timber products is an important and growing industry while agriculture and stock raising continue as the basic economy first envisioned by the valley's pioneer settlers. East of Heber is an ex-

tensive area of petrified wood deposits, fine in texture and rich in colorations to delight the collector and lapidarist.

HEBER CITY IS RECOGNIZED as a community of attractive, comfortable homes. Its business district, characterized with modern stores, cafes, motels and mercantile establishments, is one worthy of a much larger town and bespeaks the extensive area it serves. Like most American towns, Heber is currently in the grip of growing pains. It has a definite housing shortage and has outgrown many of its public utilities. Under the leadership of its newly elected mayor, Marion R. Hyatt, the community is taking aggressive steps to overcome these shortcomings.

Funds have been made available for the building of a new power plant on Snake Creek above Midway to augment the output of electricity from the municipal plant on the Provo. A modern firehall is also to be built this year. Anticipating further growth and expansion, a survey of sewer and water system development is being made.

CARRYING ON THE FINE traditions of the past, the Heber Valley is blessed with an enviable group of young people who are dedicating their youth and enthusiasm to civic progress and development. Ask any dozen of these youth picked at random and they will tell you that there is no place like Heber in which to live—and they'll do it in such a way that you'll wonder if you are not missing something by living elsewhere.

Paralleling these activities, Heber has an active and progressive Lions Club, the Heber Valley Riding Club, the Wasatch Wild Life Association and many other groups that contribute their part toward making Heber tick. The annual three-day county fair attracts visitors from great distances. The Heber High School is recognized and feared throughout the state whether in athletics, debating, public speaking or other scholastic competitions. The support given these projects and activities makes Heber City a poor place in which to retire—if you are under 80.

Dated

19